

THE
HOLY GRAAL

RICHARD BOVEY

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Launcelot and Guenevere

A Poem in Dramas

V. The Holy Graal and Other Fragments

BY RICHARD HOVEY

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LAUNCELOT AND GUENEVERE

A POEM IN DRAMAS

I. THE QUEST OF MERLIN

A MASQUE

II. THE MARRIAGE OF GUENEVERE

A TRAGEDY

III. THE BIRTH OF GALAHAD

A ROMANTIC DRAMA

IV. TALIESIN

A MASQUE

V. THE HOLY GRAAL AND OTHER
FRAGMENTS OF THE UNCOM-
PLETED ARTHURIAN DRAMAS

ALONG THE TRAIL

COLLECTED POEMS

THE HOLY GRAAL

AND OTHER FRAGMENTS BY

RICHARD HOVEY

BEING THE UNCOMPLETED PARTS
OF THE ARTHURIAN DRAMAS

Edited with Introduction and Notes by
MRS. RICHARD HOVEY

And a Preface by
BLISS CARMAN



NEW YORK
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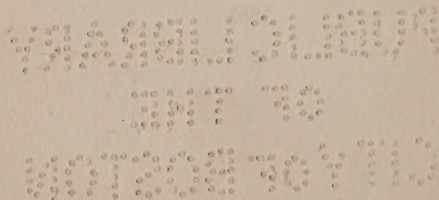
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PREFACE

THERE is an unusual interest in this book of fragments from the Arthurian plays which Richard Hovey left unfinished at the time of his death, in that it throws new light on the whole series of masques and dramas which he originally projected under the title, "Launcelot and Guenevere, A Poem in Dramas."

Four parts of this work, two lyrical masques and two plays, were already published during his lifetime. And although these are poetic creations of marked beauty and power, they have always lacked something of the fullest significance which potentially belongs to them as related portions of a larger and more imposing whole. We can never have the pleasure of reading this great cycle of plays and interludes in the beauty of its entirety as Hovey would have written it, but now at last we can see more of its full scope and purport, and derive a deepened satisfaction from realizing its essential profundity, seriousness, and wisdom. Fragmentary as it is, therefore, this volume, with its illuminating notes and introduction, will have a precious importance to the lover of poetry and the student of American letters.

Perhaps the chief thing to be kept in mind in regard to Richard Hovey's treatment of the Arthurian legends is this, that he was not primarily interested in them for their historic and picturesque value as poetic material, great as that value undoubtedly is. It was not his aim to reproduce a distant fabulous age for our nearer view for the mere sake of its glamour and romance. He chose the story of Guenevere and Launcelot for the sake of the psychological problem it involves and illustrates. It was the inward significance of the old tale, so apt and familiar a case in point, that formed its supreme value in his consideration. He was not seeking a theme for his poetic activity, so much as a serviceable embodiment for his poetic ideals. His thought on the main subject was definitely formed, his task was to exemplify and illustrate it. He had at heart and in mind some frank solution of perplexing human relationships, and needed an adequate plot to make his solution clear and telling.

The problem he felt called upon to deal with is a perennial one, old as the world, yet intensely modern, and it appealed to him as a modern man keenly alive to all the social complexities of our civilization. But for all that, he wished to get away from the modern setting for his drama, so that the exposition of his ideas might not be confused by the baffling counter interest of contemporary realism. He was not attempting a comedy of manners, but a harmonody of ethics. The farther away from the nineteenth century his scenes could be laid, the more easily could our attention be concentrated on

the interplay of characters, the outcome of acts, and the final elucidation of a human problem.

Two courses were open to him, therefore. He could either find some ample, plastic, and familiar plot ready to hand,—ample enough to lend dignity to his characters, old and vague enough to be treated freely, and familiar enough to easily command attention; or he could create a plot of his own and people it with strange and unaccustomed names, after the manner of Maurice Maeterlinck. He chose the former alternative. And considering the basis of his choice, we need not be surprised if we find him manipulating his material very freely, and differing in his conception and portrayal of the characters from other poets who have preceded him in the same field. The Arthurian cycle provided Tennyson with the groundwork of a national epic of noble proportions and majestic beauty; it has furnished romantic data for numberless dramas and lyrics to many poets in many ages; to Richard Hovey it afforded a modern instance stripped of modern dress. This fundamental conception must be borne in mind, if we would form a just appreciation of Hovey's achievement.

These fragmentary bits of his work, his notes, jottings, tentative scenarios, lists of persons, outlines, set down from time to time in notebooks or on stray leaves, were all left in the sad confusion of a busy workshop whence the craftsman is suddenly called away. Coming upon such a heritage, no one could have pieced together the various unfinished lines and speeches, understood the innumerable

memoranda, or brought any order out of such a medley, who did not know all the workman's plans for the intended masterpiece. Mrs. Hovey was the only one fitted for that undertaking, for no one else was so constantly in touch with him in his work from day to day. He discussed with her in endless talks all the debatable and crucial points of his subject and its treatment through many years. What he should make of this character, what of that incident, where the jealousy motive was to be brought in, what the final solution of the tragic complication was to be,—the hundred and one questions of psychological insight and technical nicety, of such unceasing interest to the artist, were all canvassed again and again. So that she alone is sufficiently familiar with his detailed plans for this great work to have undertaken the present volume.

In carrying out her task, she has succeeded, I think, in making a very suggestive book, full of subtle reflections and much valuable criticism.

BLISS CARMAN.

NEW YORK, *July, 1907.*

INTRODUCTION

Parsifal, Percival, Galahad, are legend words in our Northern mythology, representing to us a spiritual hero. The legends regarding each of them, or regarding the personality, sometimes called by either name, used the phraseology of the Christian Church, and embodied their relation to "The Cup of Mystery men called the Graal." But that the poet should, as did Taliesin in the masque of that name, kneel in the chapel of the Graal and hear wisdom from the Graal Lord; that the poet should gaze into the diamond crystal sphere, upheld by Uriel in the blaze of the Graal light, behind the golden gates and the chanting angels, to see the truth, and then, in the office of seer, tell it through his poet's art, waited for the end of the nineteenth century and Richard Hovey's pen.

The solemn recognition of the priestly office of art, the prophet voice of the poet, is now a part of this our Northern legend.

The Galahad of the early legend, the pure and priestly knight, when he achieves the Graal, lays down his body at the gates of Sarras; Taliesin, the poet, assumes human holiness, and in the wonder of the human form speaks through it in its various voices. The priest renounced his body, sav-

ing his soul. The poet, to save his soul, ultimates it through the body.

The coming of the Church of Christ to Britain culminated in the ascetic purity of the new Galahad, our name for Parsifal. The coming of Art to liberate the Puritan nineteenth century from asceticism culminated in the apotheosis of poetry under the name of Taliesin; for in the Masque of Taliesin poetry is symbolized by the artist who expresses poetry in words. It deals with the poetical element in music, painting, sculpture, acting, dancing, but especially in literature under the guise of the bard. Parsifal is a type of those whose ministry comes by renunciation, Taliesin of the artist-minister whose powers come by consecration. Parsifal is a type of priest or prophet, Taliesin of seer and poet. "Art should persuade by the good to perfect the heart." In Taliesin, the poet, all the instinct of the body, all the intelligence of the mind, all the aspiration of the soul, culminates in capacity for joy in goodness. This is the perfection of the heart of man.

"Groping of life after love till the spirit aspire
Into divinity ever transmuting the clod—"

"Joy, joy, joy in the deep and the height!
Joy in the holiest, joy evermore, evermore!"

In the "Poem in Dramas" we have the creation of a Galahad who could be to the thought of our time what the Galahad of the legend was to the knightly or to the new-come Christian thought of the Middle

Ages. He was no witchcraft-engendered abnormality. He was a spirit engendered in the highest love, and his purity was ultimatum, not elimination. He is to the modern mind what the Galahad of Malory or the Parsifal of Eschenbach and Wagner is to the medieval-minded Christian. The immaculate conception, an idea which Christianity brought to our Western world, is here held an ideal of every conception. Galahad's pure soul grew as the form of blessing which only "the miracle," the mystic love, can bring to earth. It belongs to the realms that are above the laws of social order. These laws are less for the incarnating soul than for the preservation of the helpless stages of early life and the disabled years of motherhood. That this high conception of birth is deep in the thought of all peoples, is shown by the miraculous birth of the divinity of every religion.

A modern version of the legend must show that a bewitched Launcelot could give only a body, not a soul, to the child Galahad. Middle-aged ascetism, on the contrary, degrading the physical, believed that the child of a virgin Elaine, with the stolen fatherhood of a bewitched Launcelot, would become a mysterious being,—an angel knight, more rather than less than a human man. The Galahad of the sword, of the witchcraft birth, of the renunciation of power, seems to us a monkish dream, and the Graal a degraded symbol. Surely in this new time the Galahad allegory must rise to poetry and insight. All trace of the Don Quixote flavor must be eliminated. Somewhere in the "Poem in Dramas"

is the line, "The cup of Mystery men call the Graal." This is a conception which is to the modern mind both religious and poetical.

Portions of the Round Table legends have been told in every generation since the race had memory. Each age tells the old story as it seems to itself. In fact no man could tell the story or any part of it without giving it the color of his own opinion and his own time. This latest writing along with the others represents its time and its author. It is a contribution of its own moment in history. The new version is not to be considered a contrast, but an addition or revision. This work preceded by a few years the romantic movement which became so prevalent in the theater and the novel.

Our time has given us three Gueneveres: the Guenevere of Tennyson, who sinned, and came to repentance and remorse; the Guenevere of Morris, who appeals to the tenderness of the human heart, who explains and asks human sympathies; and the Guenevere of Hovey, who only loves, who never sins, who never repents. The truly tragic Guenevere is the one Richard Hovey chose for the "Poem in Dramas,"—a woman who typifies in her sorrows womanhood at the point in civilization where the might of a system,—which gives in its social structure too little latitude to the individual and too much in its economic system,—presses heaviest upon woman; and especially on the type of woman furthest developed in emotional and intellectual power. The broadest physical and intellectual base is the preparation for the highest spiritual flight into the

realms of love, the miracle love that involves those wonder realms in which it may be hoped Galahads may be born.

"The problem of the individual choice" is a line from one of Richard Hovey's notebooks. Shakespeare, he often said, set himself to free woman from parental tyranny in the choice of a husband. This he consequently passed lightly over in the first act of "The Marriage of Guenevere," as a work already artistically accomplished. But it remained for our day to demand for woman power of purity in the relation of her body to the emotions, even when that freedom clashed with her established relation to the social whole, that is, the relation through her husband. By taking the time of King Arthur as environment, he obliterated the modern half-solution, that of divorce, and left the problem reduced to its simplest terms. A Guenevere, having only formal marriage bonds to King Arthur, loves, at meeting, Launcelot, who has long before her marriage loved her. Richard Hovey understood, without being in the least unmindful of the right of the community to subordinate at need the good of the individual to the right of the many, that the social system was a defective one, in which the use of this right was other than an exception.

The poet's art is the natural expression of great thoughts, and furnishes the most eloquent medium for the discussion of great themes. These books finished might have embodied the writer's thought on the themes involved, with a passionate eloquence of song which no report of what the continued story

was to be can in the least compare in convincing effect. Yet something seems due from one who was intimate in his thoughts during much of the preparation of the series. The author himself was most averse to explaining his work in any respect. Once it was done, no word could be had about it by anyone. To him a work of art must contain its own power of presenting itself to mind and emotion, all in full justification. But the "Poem in Dramas" is left unfinished, therefore it is deemed best to publish the scheme, also some new material prepared but not yet used for the unfinished plays. The forceful dramatic presentation of all sides of the subject would have won the reader to an ever higher point of view. It can now be only the posing of the question without the answer contained in the luminous and convincing blaze of the vision of the poet and seer, for each art is a sacramental unit with the thing it expresses.

Under the story in the "Poem in Dramas" lies embodied a thought of life, a dramatic presentation of the whole social and political structure—the individual, the family, the state. What his conclusions would have been, how the balance would have been drawn between the needs of freedom of growth of each of these, we who know his thoughts can better conclude for ourselves than express to others.

Because he called "Avalon" a Harmonody we know he saw some possible peace that justified or at least ended the struggle. The last lines of "Avalon," which were the first lines written for the whole work, show that to the honor-tortured Launcelot

even pain was to be a path to peace of heart and greatness of soul. But Launcelot could not solve the problem. He was helpless between his obligation to the woman he loved and the man who was King and friend. Guenevere must either degrade Arthur, Launcelot, and herself, by being untrue to her heart and her holy feminine instinct, or must act as she acted. The solution was out of her power. The knights, with their sum of prowess and pride, with their standard of personal service to the feeble and wronged, could not shield or help any one of the crucial three. Morgana with her magic, Morgause with her beauty, Elyn with her friendship, all are helpless to save the victims of fate. Cousins, brothers, sons, even the white Galahad, weighed nothing against the tragic gravitation of events which crushed all hearts. Not Merlin with all the wisdom of Eld, could lessen by a single pang the tragedy of the two torn hearts, nor shield society at large from the effect of the action of a single hour. The new-come Christian faith in renunciation could not turn the psychic and social laws to inaction. The sun may not renounce its shining nor the earth her gravitating allegiance. Holy renunciation is renunciation only of that which is not,—a paradox in words but not in fact.

One only had the power to renounce that reality which was not his, along with the superficialities which were his own. That one was Arthur; Arthur, the King; Arthur, who was "more King than himself"; Arthur, who dreamed of empire; Arthur, of the great brotherhood, who, like Julius Caesar,

dreamed of a world at peace under a single rule; Arthur, who thought of his queen not as his wife, but as the mother of kings; Arthur, whose ignorance of human hearts and psychic forces was ruin to the first rule of brotherhood, the Northern dream of the democracy of the Christian races, the Round Table. In the first volume no trace of this thought appears. Very naturally. It would have spoiled the whole tragic working out of the result of his blindness; there would have been no drama, no inherent conflict, no tragedy. But this must in some great eloquence have been the spirit of the text at the end, for this was Richard Hovey's thought.

The "Poem in Dramas" was undertaken less to excuse or explain Launcelot's act or Guenevere's, or to show Arthur's very natural psychic blindness, the blindness of a good and trusting nature, than to impeach the social system that had not yet—and has not yet—gone far enough in evolution to become a medium in which all lives can move at all times and in all respects in freedom. This surely is the ideal.

The Schema which follows this introduction was written out in 1898, and after that no changes were made. Had the nine volumes of which the "Poem in Dramas" was to consist been written, this plan would not have been published nor probably have been shown to anyone. But for a presentiment of mine that it must be on paper, most likely it would not have been written down at all, for the author had now grown to have such a strong grasp upon his thought that he could produce pages or even

scenes of his best works with the aid of hardly a note.

One must not question a poet. Seeds often uncovered of the earth do not grow. One may make remarks which can be received as suggestion, and replied to, or passed unnoticed if they disturb. There are moments when we must not know just what we think. If any words but those of the poem could tell, poetry were not justified of existence. But I had a desire to see the outline written, so one day I made a draft of the plan, and handed it to him, asking how near right it was. He took my pen and wrote the complete plan. Now that it is needed to help the understanding of the works left unfinished, its making must be considered a most fortunate circumstance. This plan, which is reproduced in the present volume, he called the Schema.

The books of "Launcelot and Guenevere, a Poem in Dramas" were to be nine. Of these only four were finished and published by the author. It is thought that somewhat of the drift of the story and the trend of the thought may be deduced from the scenes which follow, and that even these portions of scenes of the plays and masques may suggest answers to some of the questions that inevitably arise in the mind of the reader at the end of the four completed volumes. The notes are an attempt to help out these suggestions. The plan of 1898 gives the structure complete.

The masques were intended for music, were, in fact, librettos, and would by themselves form a series for production at the opera house quite in-

dependent of the sequence of the dramas at the theater.

Each play and each masque is complete for production alone, or the series of masques and dramas might have been produced with cumulative effect in their order as shown in the Schema.

In a writing by Richard Hovey we find these words:

"The poem is a re-telling of the central drama, about which the other legends of the Arthurian cycle are grouped. The version of Malory has been followed as a basis, but in many details other authorities have been preferred, nor has the author thought it beyond his privilege to alter and invent largely for himself."

SCHEMA AND COMMENTARY

Written by
RICHARD HOVEY
in 1898

SCHEMA.

LAUNCELOT AND GUENEVERE: A Poem in Dramas.

PART I.—

THE QUEST OF MERLIN: a Masque.

THE MARRIAGE OF GUENEVERE: a Tragedy.

THE BIRTH OF GALAHAD: a Romantic Drama.

PART II.—

TALIESIN: a Masque.

THE GRAAL: a Tragedy.

ASTOLAT: an Idyllic Drama.

PART III.—

FATA MORGANA: a Masque.

MORTE D'ARTHUR: a Tragedy.

AVALON: a Harmonody.

COMMENTARY.

Note that each of the three parts is composed of (1) a Masque, i. e., a musical (operatic) interlude or prelude, foreshadowing the events to follow, dealing with the supernatural elements of the myth and symbolizing the philosophic, aesthetic and ethical elements of the series; (2) a Tragedy; and (3) a play ending with a partial (Parts I and II) or complete (Part II) reconciliation and solution.

Launcelot and Guenevere are placed in a position where they must either sacrifice the existing order of things to themselves or themselves to the existing order of things.

Part I.—They attempt to set their relation to each other above their relation to the world. Tragic issue. (Thesis.)

Part II.—They attempt to set their relation to the world above their relation to each other. Equally tragic issue. (Antithesis.)

Part III.—The reconciliation. (Synthesis.)

Subordinate to this, as background:

Part I deals with the growing power of the Round Table, the rise of Arthur, and culminates with Arthur's highest reach of empire.

(Great event in the legends THE ROMAN WAR.)

Part II with the height (stationary) of the power of Arthur and the Round Table and the first mutterings of their impending fall.

(Great event in the legends THE QUEST OF THE GRAAL.)

Part III with the fall of Arthur and the Round Table.

(Great event in the legends THE LAST WAR.)

There is an interval of nearly twenty years between Parts I and II, and of five or six years between Parts II and III.

But the dramas in each part are immediately successive.

THE MASQUES:

The Quest of Merlin foreshadows the events of the whole poem, but particularly of Part I, i. e., the marriage of Arthur to Guenevere. Symbolically, it suggests the *philosophical* drift of the poem.

Taliesin foreshadows the events of Part II (the Graal search, etc.). Symbolically, it suggests the *aesthetic* drift of the poem.

Fata Morgana foreshadows the events of Part III (the treachery of Mordred, death of Arthur, etc.). Symbolically, it suggests the *ethical* drift of the poem.

They might be called "the Masque of Fate and Evolution," "the Masque of Art" and "the Masque of Evil" respectively.

THE PLAYS:

Part I—Individual and sex relation (true family) set above Society or the State:

(a) *Marriage of Guenevere*—(Love overthrowing friendship as well as more general social obligations);

(b) *Birth of Galahad*—(Love still supreme, but seeking and partly finding a way to be loyal to friendship and the State, too.

Part I, Tragic; (a) all tragic; (b) partly reconciliated.

Part II—Society and the State set above individual and sex relation or true family:

(a) *The Graal*—(Love renounced; religion sought as means of renunciation. Failure of attempt.);

(b) *Astolat*—(Gradual reconquest of love over religion, etc., etc.).

Part II, Tragic; (a) all tragic; (b) partly reconciled.

Part III—Reconciliation of Religion, State, Society, Family, and Individual:

(a) *Morte d'Arthur*—(Essential conflict made objective and settled with the sword. Tragic solution of Death.);

(b) *Avalon*—(True harmonic solution).

Part III, Harmonic; (a) tragic; (b) completely harmonic or reconciled.

THE HOLY GRAAL

A TRAGEDY

ARTHUR, *King of Britain.*

DUBRIC, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

LAUNCELOT,

GALAHULT,

LAMORACKE,

BORS DE GANYS,

GALAHAD, *son of Launcelot,*

PERCIVAL, *brother of Lamoracke,*

GAWAINE,

AGRAVAINE,

GAHERIS,

GARETH,

MORDRED.

} *Sons of Morgause.*

KAYE,

TALIESIN, *a Bard.*

DAGONET, *a Jester.*

PANDER.

PORTER.

GUENEVERE, *Queen of Britain.*

MORGAUSE, *Queen of Orkney.*

MORGANA, *an Enchantress, Queen of Gore.*

MADELON, *sister of Percival.*

SENDAL.

GUIMERE.

LIONORS.

} *Knights of the
Round Table.*

*Knights, Ladies, Priests, Monks, Harlots, Soldiers,
Attendants, Pages, etc.*

THE HOLY GRAAL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Castle of MORGAUSE, Queen of Orkney. A Chamber. MORGAUSE, standing by a window. MORGANA.*

MORGAUSE. Is there no charm to overturn his state?

No magic net to cast about his legs
And trip him in his triumph? Where's that skill
For which the ignorant people call you witch
And even the learned, seeing the strange control
With which you make the laws of things o'ercome
And contradict themselves, call by your name
The emancipated worlds that hang in the clouds,
Fata Morgana—where's the use of witchcraft
When Arthur lives and waxes? Oh, for some horror
To strike him helpless, paralyzed, aghast,

With doom advancing on him! Why, he grows
Too great for this small world, and his vast stride
Will shortly plant one foot out on the moon
And straddle space for empire. The old heroes
Are clean forgot, and every piping poet
Must squeak of Arthur, where the antique bards
Sang the divine deeds of the sons of gods.

MORGANA. What share have we in it? We are
his sisters,
Or else he is no king. Where, then, our part
I' the pageant and the power?

MORGAUSE. He knows well
We are no sisters to him. He is a changeling,
A base-born upstart, an abandoned bastard—
Who knows save Merlin?—Merlin's son, perhaps,
And grandson to the Devil.

MORGANA. He has scorned us.
You know that once I stole Excalibur,
The sword and scabbard, and for proxy left
A false and brittle weapon by his bed,
Where he slept heavily beneath my spell;
And that Sir Accolon took the great sword

And fought with him, and yet the King o'ercame,
Though weak with wounds and well-nigh weaponless.
He slew Sir Accolon—

MORGAUSE. Alas, my sister!

MORGANA. Tut, can a dead man longer give us
joy?

He slew Sir Accolon, but slew not me,
Who was his worser foe. You knew all this,
But knew not that I sought his couch again
Where, seeing the sword clutched in his sleeping
hand,
I durst not touch it; but the sheath I took
And cast it in the pool.

MORGAUSE. And to what end?
Men fight not with their sheaths.

MORGANA. There spoke the unlearned.
Not by the forthright and the obvious way
Is knowledge won or power. Upon this sheath
There is a prophecy that his fortunes hang
And on its loss the loss of all his weal.

MORGAUSE. And you believe this?

MORGANA. I have studied long
In learning fearsome to the general,
And marvels have become my commonplaces,
And now I prophesy that from this hour
The flood of Arthur's destiny stands still
And lapses to its ebb.

MORGAUSE. Look yonder! Look!
A rider in the road!—a knight!—Ah me,
If it were Lamoracke!

MORGANA. Give heed to me.
You were not wont to be a lovesick girl
In your amours. I go to Camelot,
Where I would have your son, Sir Mordred, come—

MORGAUSE. Mordred, my son?

MORGANA. You shudder at his name.

MORGAUSE. He and his name alike are dreadful
to me.

MORGANA. Your son, Sir Mordred, whom you
bore to Arthur,
Before you found him so unlovable.

MORGAUSE. What said he then of brother or of sister?

An idle tale to help him to the throne,
For which he spat on me!—The knight draws near.—
Hell were too brief to give my outrage ease!—
'Tis he! 'Tis Lamoracke.

MORGANA. Now out upon you
For a weak fool! Is this to wreak revenge?
I come to show the way. Send Mordred to me
Disguised, for Arthur cannot bear his face.
It is as sure as there is truth in hell
That he shall kill the King. My nightly devil—

MORGAUSE. He is at the drawbridge. See, he enters in!
—Oh, Mordred shall be told. His hate no more
Than mine needs your exciting. I have lived
So long with hate it hath become unconscious;
Nor would I think of it,—it has grown tiresome,—
And I would have some joy before I die.
Love is more novel. Oh, I shall remember!

[*Enter* LAMORACKE.]

O Lamoracke!

MORGANA. Nay, farewell then! I'll not stay
To listen love-songs.

LAMORACKE. Not so fast, fair lady,
For I have news to make you gasp with wonder.

MORGAUSE. No tenderer greeting! Do you fear
my sister?

I do not say that she's not dangerous;
But since when have we loved like timid wives
And startled cavaliers that meet by stealth
And dare not fling their deeds in the world's face
And scoff at scandal? Would all Camelot
Knew with what scorn their coward decencies
And creeds that have no birth behind the lips—
Why, what's the matter, sir?

LAMORACKE. Though all my soul
Cry out to reach you, I may not advance.
I have sworn a vow.

MORGANA. This is most strange.

MORGAUSE. A vow!

LAMORACKE. 'Tis but three days ago I left you.
Well,

Three days will serve as well as thirty years
To make the world all over. I have seen
It is another kind of world than that
I thought it. I accept what I have seen.

MORGANA. More mysteries! Your news, sir.

LAMORACKE. Yesterday

There came a young lad to the Court,—by heaven,
A beardless boy, as frail as some slim girl
With pale thin face and sad unheeding eyes
That men remember when they have passed by.
This child—what think you that he came to seek?
Knighthood—the heavy arms of strong men and
The stress of errantry. By God, no less!
Then came Sir Launcelot and called him son
And knighted him; and in the joust that day
He did unhorse me, me whose name men speak
With Launcelot's and Tristram's. This he did,
This stripling, Galahad, Sir Launcelot's son.

MORGANA. What, has the faithful Launcelot
proved untrue?

LAMORACKE. No man dare say that Launcelot
e'er was false

To Guenevere. This is the tale they tell.
Elaine, the daughter of King Pelleas,
Loved him, and knowing him too true to see
In all the world but one fair woman's love,
Got her old nurse, Dame Brisen, with enchantments
To clothe her in the likeness of the Queen.
Then came she in to Launcelot and he,
Unwitting was deceived; and in this wise
Was Galahad engendered.

MORGAUSE.

Come, your vow!

MORGANA. This is the tale he told to Guenevere;
How easily men think us to be gulled.

MORGAUSE. What care I for this boy? There's
more behind.

LAMORACKE. The selfsame night, the jousting be-
ing done,
And the King being absent with Sir Galahault,
Sir Kaye and others on affairs of state,
We sat us down to feast; whereat this boy,
This Galahad, being new-come to our board,
Cast but a glance about the great Round Table,

And with the sudden sureness of a shaft
Gained his quick-chosen seat,—a throne wherein
Not the great King himself e'er dared to rest,
And Merlin called it the Siege Perilous.
For it was written that no man might sit
Within that seat, save one it waited for,
But he should die. Therein the boy sat down
And died not, but his face seemed glorified,
And a great marveling went about the hall.

MORGANA. So had it been with you, had you sat
there,
Or any other knight. Now it is strange
How men will dread their own imaginings.

LAMORACKE. There as we sat, expectant of strange
things,
A sudden storm arose, and the quick lightnings
Made pale and lurid in recurrent change
The torches of our feast; and each man spoke
Hoarse or in whispers or with measured voice
As each one felt in his own way the awe
That calms the air before prodigious births.
What happened then I cannot well report,

Farewell, sir. I'm in haste for Camelot
Where lords are welcome more than ladies now.
Sister, forget not to send on a man.
Farewell! La! virgins! [Exit laughing.]

MORGAUSE. Lamoracke!

LAMORACKE. Morgause!
I could not leave—I could not go away
Upon so far—so vague—I know not what—
Without a last farewell.

MORGAUSE. So far? Would you be further
If you in truth had found the Holy Graal
On the other side of Nowhere?

LAMORACKE. I have sworn.

MORGAUSE. Sworn what? Sworn infidelity?
Sworn hate?

Then why are you come here? O Lamoracke!
Say it is false, say that my ears have lied,
You said it not, you swore no vow. Kiss me
And say it is not true.

LAMORACKE. It is the truth.

MORGAUSE. Why should you take a quest like this
upon you?

You are no visionary.

LAMORACKE. The rest swore and I swore.

MORGAUSE. How little we are to you? Why, a
woman—

.
And you betray us for a summer dream.

LAMORACKE. Look you, I have no great faith in
this quest.

Such things may be for Galahad—not for me.
But I have undertaken it. Stand not you
Between me and the trial. I have come
Straining a bond which yet I will not break
For parting and not pleasure. Let us part.

MORGAUSE. Since it must be, then, and the love
you swore

Is all so weak, since all our joy must pass
And that sweet season when life ran for us
With lips that half forgot old cruelties,
—Do you remember when you kissed me first?
Ah, I remember, for the sun seemed then

To burst the black clouds that o'erroofed my life,
And all the quivering color of the day
And happy voices of all living things
Began then. Ah, how wicked I had been—
How joyless you will never know. You saved me
—Love saved me, love reconciles all ill—
But let that pass. Since all this now is done,
One boon, for dead love's sake, ere love be dead.

LAMORACKE. So that it be not to forego the quest,
Anything!

MORGAUSE. One last night of joy.

LAMORACKE. Of joy?

MORGAUSE. Nay, start not, nothing that your vow
forbids.

One night of revelry in innocence
As in the old days when you found me here
And cheered my desolation ere we loved
As we have loved.

LAMORACKE. So be it.

MORGAUSE.

Lionors! [*Sings*]

O merry when the owlet calls
Across the moonlit snow!
And merry in the Devil's halls
Where such as we must go

Lionors!

[*Enter* LIONORS.]

Quick, uncorslet the good knight—
Or stay, no hands but mine shall do that office.
Be ready with a bowl to lave his hands
In orient perfumes—and fetch in a mantle
Of softest sarsnet, rich in broideries.

[*Exit* LIONORS]

[*Sings as she undoes his armor.*]

It was a Knight and a fair Lady—
Sing, all the winds are still!
She took the helmet from his head
And oh but her cheeks were rosy-red—
And hark, the partridge over the hill!

[*Re-enter* LIONORS *with* mantle, *and* Attendant
with bowl, *etc.*]

It was a Knight and a fair Lady—

Sing, all the winds are stirring!

She loved him more than love can tell,

But he left her soul to the hounds of hell—

A soul or a bird, in the wind went whirring?

[*Exeunt* LIONORS and *Attendant*.]

[*The context of this song of Morgause is among the lost material.*]

O I've come back to hell, My Dears,

O I've come back to hell.

The bliss of the saints is long complaints,

So I've come back to hell.

O I've come back to hell, My Dears,

O I've come back to hell.

Love's joy is sweet but bitter fleet,

So I've come back to hell.

O I've come back to hell, My Dears,

O I've come back to hell.

Love's joy being done what better fun

Than back to the joys of hell.

SCENE II.—*A Courtyard. Fountain playing, flowers, etc. PANDER and PORTER on a bench, throwing dice.*

PANDER. The devil's in the dice. I'll play no more to-day. God be praised, trade was never more brisk, and we have the finest pieces of women's flesh in fifty leagues. Else your cursed luck had drained me as dry as a worm-eaten walnut.

PORTER. Fortune's a balky filly; you must ride hard while she is in mood to carry you.

[Knocking.]

PANDER. More gallants! Well, I see Venus isn't ungodessed yet. *[Exit PORTER.]*

He that would get gold, let him sell the necessities of life.

[Enter PERCIVAL and GALAHAD.]

Good evening, gentlemen, and a merry night to you. I'll go call the ladies. *[Exit PANDER.]*

PERCIVAL. That's an odd varlet.

GALAHAD. Ay? I did not mark him.

PERCIVAL. I liked him not. This is a pleasant place.

GALAHAD. How beautiful are lilies! See them
raise

Their crowned heads like royalties above
Their lowlier fellows. There's no king on earth
So simply all-sufficient to his life
As these. There is a touch of God in them.

PERCIVAL. It is the glory of man that he must
strive.

GALAHAD. That he may reach their rounded life
at last.

PERCIVAL. No more than these?

GALAHAD. Ay, more than these, no doubt,
But filling out his vaster orb of life
And love and contemplation with the same
Serene completeness and untroubled poise,
Not fretful, not unsatisfied, not eager,
But calm, great, un . . .
Like lilies in the garden of the Lord.

[*Enter SENDAL and GUIMERE.*]

GUIMERE. . . .

ACT II.

SCENE III.—*Camelot. Hall of the Palace.* DUBRIC and LAUNCELOT.

DUBRIC. Now God be praised that thou, Sir
Launcelot,
Art wrought to this resolve. One act of thine
Outsermons my whole Lent,—so much art thou
The secret heart of every Knight-at-arms
Made manifest, his pattern and desire.
For what thou hast revealed, I have entombed it.
Even had confession no safeguarding oath,
Yet were my love for thee, my son, too great
And my desire to help thee to an end
So nobly vowed, too keen—Be not afraid;
This sleeps, for me, until the great awakening
At the Last Day.

LAUNCELOT. My sin has rent my heart;
I have seen day by day unworthy loves
Taking in vain the name of that which was,
So help me Christ, howe'er an act of sin,
In both our hearts a holy mystery.
I have seen myself, unworthy that I am,
Chosen of men a captain and exemplar,
And by the same lips that exalted me
Debased with attribution of vile thought
Until the holiest secrets of my heart
Showed shameful and malign, and so deformed
Became a scripture for the vulgar spirit
To justify its filth with. So I saw
That that which was the cause of sin in others,
Howe'er itself immaculate at heart,
Must be by circumstance made interdict.

DUBRIC. Man cannot live unto himself alone,
But every deed returns upon the doer
A thousandfold. What he hath done to one,
He doth admit that all may do to him,
And who shall say how many will accept
The gage?

I have committed to the Church and God
The argument of sin, content myself
To execute their warrants. And now, absolved,
I leave the past and with a single heart
Devote myself to this most holy quest,
Whereof the vision and the miracle
Vouchsafed us in the coming of the Graal
Is as the rainbow covenanting hope;
And to what service else the Church may will.

DUBRIC. God's blessing be an Eastern star to thee
And lead thee to His peace.

[*Enter GALAHAULT and BORS.*]

GALAHAULT. Old friend, what's this?

LAUNCELOT. Welcome to Camelot!

GALAHAULT. Sir Bors hath told me
A tale so strange I scarce can credit it.
Go you upon this quest?

LAUNCELOT. Ay, if so be
In any way I may renew good deeds.

GALAHHAULT. Or any way employ your soul. I see
You too have known at last life's weariness.
Ah well, pray God you find a better cure
Than I!

LAUNCELOT. Will you not come with me, my
friend?

GALAHHAULT. Not I; I am too far gone in weariness.

I have not faith enough to serve a flea
To jump from dog to dog. Besides, you leave
The King alone; scarce one of his great knights
But goes upon the quest. Needs must that some
Remain nor leave him all disretinued.

LAUNCELOT. Mayhap your service will be more
than ours;
But I am hushed with hope. What tidings, Bors?
Is all made ready for our setting forth?

BORS. Our steeds stand saddled at the palace
gates,
Yours, Galahad's, Percival's and my own.

LAUNCELOT.
Is Galahad?

And where

BORS. With Percival. They are
Inseparable as doves. Even such a pair
Meseemeth you and I in the old days
Dreamed and aspired together. Twenty years
Sink out of time, and over the long gap
My soul leaps back to boyhood when I see them,
And my eyes fill with tears.

LAUNCELOT. God grant that they
Make good our failures! Though I lose all else,
I am most happy that I have my son,
My Galahad, in whose more perfect life
I shall not be left all unjustified.

[Enter DAGONET, with a lantern.]

GALAHAD. What do you with the lantern,
Fool?

DAGONET. I am a philosopher hunting mice.
When the wise men all turn fools, it is time
for the fool to turn wise man. And, in truth,
I think my search will bring me to a bottle be-
fore theirs will them to a cup.

DUBRIC. Let not your folly grow blasphemous.

DAGONET. Nay, the King will not let my tongue be slit; he is too poor in advisers. The whole Court is Graal-mad, and Sir Galahault and I are all that is left of the Privy Council.

GALAHAULT. Even so, fellow-counsellor. Where left you the King?

DAGONET. At his wit's end.

GALAHAULT. No; but whereabouts?

DAGONET. Beside himself.

GALAHAULT. But in what place?

DAGONET. In a tight one; for his knights leave him to chase fireflies, while all the lamps of the kingdom are left untrimmed—all save the Fool's lantern, and that serves but to show empty benches. But, in good sooth, the King is coming hitherward quite outcaptained and helpless even to show his own vexation.

[*Enter ARTHUR, KAYE and others; PERCIVAL and TALIESIN.*]

ACT III.

SCENE II—

ARTHUR. O Guenevere, you have made me the
happiest man

To-night in all my kingdoms. I have craved
Long years, and have not spoken. I have held
Your selfhood far more royal than my crown
And your soul's privacy more sacred from
Irreverent entrance than the sanctuary.
Your husband, I have held your loveliness
Exempt; your King, I ne'er profaned your will.

GUENEVERE. O sir, you have been royal.

ARTHUR. Nay, I think
That I have been but just. There's nought so dear
To man or woman as that crag of life
Where each walks lonely. There's no bond on earth,
Nor wedlock nor the sacred rule of kings,
So strong that it may overbear this right
Of each soul to itself. The holy place
Of the heart's temple no man lawfully
May enter, save he bear the high election

Of priest to the divinity within.
You have withheld from me; it was your right
And I have not complained. But now that you
Have razed the wall you chose should be between us,
I am more laureled and victorious
Than with ten empires or a thousand battles.
Ay, though the flower of my fair knights be lost,
Following a quest that few or none may gain,
Even Launcelot, my greatest—why, I have made
A fellowship that fifty knights were lost in.
And when our children take our place and theirs—

GUENEVERE. Children!

ARTHUR. Ay, sweetheart, when the throne of
Britain

Shall have an heir to keep what we have won,
There'll not be fagots in the wood enough
To feed the bonfires. Guenevere, you have done
A deed to-night that sets a star i' the brow
Of womanhood, and rounds my dream of empire
To its proportioned close. I will not seize
My new-found joy too violently, to make
Your bounty, like the first buds of the spring

Met by a blast of March, shrink back again
And shrivel in the bark. Good night, sweet Queen,
And God be with us and our house!

[*Exit.*]

GUENEVERE.

Children?

To bear him children! No, God strike me dead!

CURTAIN.

NOTES ON THE HOLY GRAAL.

At first thought the association of the words "Holy Graal" with scenes of evil life may seem startling to the reader. But the dramatic achievement of the knights of the Graal required the whole picture. The plotting of the sisters and the seduction scenes furnish dramatic motive and prepare us for the story of those knights who abandoned the quest. It must show the temptation resisted by Galahad, temptation that to a high nature was not temptation, as in the scene in the brothel, where the pure knight, born out of the sacramental love of Launcelot and Guenevere, saw but the lily beds.

It will be readily understood by all who knew Richard Hovey that he could not have intended to show that Galahad, the typical knight of purity, should have attained his height through any ascetic or otherwise morbid ideal of life. Not by living less than the best but by living all things better than the best is the whiteness of the soul attained. Speaking about Galahad in Taliesin he says:

"In him ye shall behold how light can look on
darkness and forgive,
How love can walk in the mire and take no stain
therefrom."

The temptations of physical life, which mostly to the knights of legendary days meant the life of the flesh minus the soul, would not tempt Galahad more than they would many Galahads of later civilizations,—all those men by whom the sacramental nature of love has been really perceived.

That Galahad was to be shown in relation to women is apparent. We have the names of women introduced in the list of persons of the Holy Graal who are shown by the notes to be in Galahad's story. It is plain that if Galahad had "died a maid," as we are told in a very early fragment of "Avalon," it must have been from the absence from his life of a love as pure as that of which he was born, and because by his very nature nothing less than the spirituality of passion could to him have the name of love.

However portentous is the subject of sexual purity in woman, it is still partly a question of legal legitimacy, of social respectability, and of economic convenience.

The Galahad, or masculine idea of purity, "The Pure Knight," one who stood above a knighthood in which loyalty to his lady in all her interests was the very basis of every knight's oath of arms, would be one in whom the renunciation was not a sacrifice of the passional but of the merely sensual. He would be one whom the consciousness of the sacramental love lifted to a plain quite beyond renunciation,—to inspiration. And such a one,—elected to the redemption of lost womanhood by restoring woman's faith in herself and love, through her faith in the untempting and untemptable man,—

the Galahad of the "Poem in Dramas" would have been.

The Holy Graal brings into direct contrast the characters of two illegally born sons, Mordred and Galahad. One is of superhuman goodness and power, the other of diabolical selfishness. Mordred, tool of fate, gives opportunity to draw a character bruised and marred by his untoward relation to his environment; one, having not only a soul born to discords, but a life full of deprivations in the direction of family life and love and social opportunity, by lack of legal inheritance; all this with that virility in brain and body so often found outside of birth from the easy debauchery of married-life-propinquity.

Galahad one day finds himself called bastard. But he is one of those who may wear the word as a star on his brow, a consecration on his life, an invisible angel thought—such as some souls feel floating over them,—and in the great moments of life touching upon consciousness.

There are parents wickedly below the law of what makes a wholesome order for all. There are also those so subject to psychological law that they live above the order of the many. Mordred's ill-starred life arose among the former, Galahad's immaculate conception gave him being among the latter.

One might almost say that the whiteness of Galahad was like the whiteness of light, made up of all colors, out of which, as in diamond brilliance, all

color could flash, rather than any mere purity of cleanly, opaque, earthly white. In this connection one remembers the diamond sphere which Taliesin saw in the Graal chapel when Uriel knighted him poet, the diamond sphere a transparent light itself, flashing all colors, symbol of a wisdom containing all knowing, from clear heavenly blue through the burning spirit of yellow to the warm red flame of earthly things.

It was in the Holy Graal that Launcelot and Guenevere were to renounce their personal good in the service of society, Launcelot to go on the quest of the Graal and Guenevere to take up her cross by returning to Arthur and her rôle as mother of the realm. How inadequate a solution this action proved may be suggested by the one page of this play in which Guenevere meets Arthur. The situation is once more truly tragic, there being no solution. Turn which way she would she saw sin and suffering, the sacrifice of inner purity if she returned and the sacrifice of the peace of the realm if she did not.

The dignified ending of Tennyson's Guenevere in a convent, full of gentle deeds and repentance for her great sin in not having "loved the highest," stands in marked contrast to her rôle in Richard Hovey's poem. Launcelot's confession to Dubric and his soliloquy before Rome bring to view, however, the pain he suffered at this point of his experience and show once more that the central character in the whole series of dramas is one not placed

in the list of persons. That character is the social system of the age.

After the departure of the knights on the quest of the Graal, the court at Camelot would have resumed its ordinary routine of life.

All through Southern and Northern Europe during the few hundred years in which we place the story of the Round Table, Courts of Love were of frequent occurrence. We find that a Court of Love was planned for one of the acts of "The Holy Graal."

The falcon carrying the scroll with the laws which were to govern in these courts was said to come from Broceliande, a sometime location in the Arthur myths. So, doubtless, this naïve and interesting code, administered by a concourse of the great ladies of each locality, seems to have had great influence in the formation of the standards and customs regarding the behavior of both ladies and lovers through all Europe. These Courts of Love are credited by high authority as having created manners. This could not be without there being underneath a marked influence upon morals.

In fact, the early history of woman, first in an accidental relationship to man, then as something owned, and later as party to a marriage bargain without any pretense to what has lately been called romantic love, culminated in a condition of society in which spiritual and mystical personal attractions were recognized—and lived, with loyalty according to the ordinances of these "Courts" by persons not married to one another and also when either party might be stably married to some other.

Better a world with the love of the heart in it, even outside of marriage, than not at all. Naturally jealousies and dissensions arose, and by degrees husbands and wives began to see as the ideal, and to expect in marriage, friendship, and those mystic relations of affectionate loyalty which have now so completely become the ideal, that we must read history to remind us that our present expectation, even if it is not our constant attainment, is a wide advance upon marital conditions in earlier days. Having found the relations between love and the doctrine of the trinity in human kind, we now see that the greatest happiness and the best birth have their origin in an inextricable combination of physical, mental, and emotional attraction.

Our present ideal of love has come to include—on the physical plane—sensation, sympathy, instinct; then sentiment, adoration, intuition in the emotions; and judgment and conscience as the results of reason.

Such an ideal of love had the author of *Launcelot and Guenevere*.

DIGEST OF THE HOLY GRAAL, MADE UP
FROM THE FRAGMENTS AND STRAY
NOTES LEFT BY MR. HOVEY.

The play opens at the Castle of Morgause, Queen of Orkney, with a scene of evil counsel between Morgause and Morgana, her sister.

Then Lamoracke, the lover of Morgause, comes to bid her good-by, saying that he has sworn a vow since he left her three days before; that a great wonder has happened at the Court of King Arthur, for Galahad, son of Launcelot, has taken the seat at the Round Table which Merlin, the Magician, had called the Siege Perilous, in which no man might sit and live until one came for whom it waited; that a vision of the Holy Graal had appeared to them assembled; and that Gawaine swore an oath, which they had all sworn after him, that for a twelvemonth and a day they would seek the Graal.

Morgause lures Lamoracke away from the idea of the quest and wins him to herself again, he thus being the first knight to fail in the performance of the vow.

Launcelot, before going on the quest confesses to Dubric, Archbishop of Canterbury, who gives him his blessing.

Arthur does not wish his knights to leave the Court and go on the quest of the Graal; but on seeing that Launcelot is determined to go, he bids him God speed.

Galahad then enters the hall and is by Launcelot presented to the king; then Arthur and Galahad are left alone together.

In the garden of Camelot we are introduced to Madelon, the saintly sister of Sir Percival, and Sendal, the temptress. The influence of these two women follows Galahad throughout the play; and from the notes we believe that Madalon dies, as in Malory's story, and that Sendal repents on realizing the purity and strength of Galahad, who releases her from her own evil nature as he did the prisoners in the "Castle of the Maidens" in the early legend.

Before leaving the Court, Launcelot and Galahad bid Guenevere good-by, and a scene between these three is the end of the first act.

After the departure of the Graal knights a "Court of Love" is held in the garden at Camelot, at which Arthur the King, Taliesin the poet, Dagonet the jester, Kaye the Lord Seneschal, the sad Galahault, Mordred, Agravaine, Guenevere, Fata Morgana and the women of the Court are present. Mordred and Agravaine, who have lingered after the departure of the other knights, say that they never really intended to seek the Graal.

At Tintagel, Morgause, Lamoracke and Agravaine plot together to send Sendal and Guimere, disguised in men's clothes, to meet the Graal knights on the road pretending to be desirous of joining the

quest and then to seduce them from the performance of their vow.

Galahad and Percival on their journey arrive at a beautiful garden which turns out to be the courtyard of a brothel, and there they meet Sendal and Guimere.

In the next act we have the attempt to carry out this plan. "The fickle Gawaine," who has already fallen in love again, has resisted that new love and continued the quest.

Riding through the mountains, the Graal knights meet the women in their masculine disguise. The women, being attacked in revenge for their treachery, are saved by Galahad. Then Sendal confesses the plot, which implicates Morgause and Lamoracke. Gawaine, Morgause's son, furious at his mother and at Lamoracke, her lover, turns back for vengeance.

Meanwhile at Camelot Guenevere attempts to harmonize the tragic situation by turning to Arthur. Renunciation fails.

Gawaine goes to Tintagel and kills his mother and Lamoracke; then utterly disheartened, turns to his new love and gives up the quest of the Graal.

In another scene we are at Camelot again with King Arthur and Guenevere.

A note for the last scene of the fourth act shows it to have been between Galahad and Launcelot at Glastonbury, outside the Abbey, whither Launcelot comes on the miraculous ship which brings also the body of Madelon after her vicarious death. Here Galahad attains the Graal. From here Launcelot, broken in spirit, wanders away and is in the next

play, "Astolat," cared for by Elaine and finally restored to strength, goes to Camelot only to pass through new Sunderings in the experience of the death of Elaine and the jealousy of Guenevere, and the death of Arthur in the next play.

The last act is at Camelot. The Court is assembled in the garden when Bors and Launcelot return.

The play closes with a scene between Launcelot and Guenevere.

ASTOLAT
AN IDYLLIC DRAMA.

PERSONS.

ARTHUR, *King of Britain.*

TRISTRAM,
LAUNCELOT DU LAC, } *Knights of the Round Table*

DUBRIC, *a Christian Priest.*

TALIESIN, *a Bard.*

BORRE, *son of Lionors, illegitimate son of Arthur, and
disciple of Taliesin.*

THE DUMB MAN.

GUENEVERE, *Queen of Britain.*

ELAINE.

ISEULT.

'AUTHOR'S NOTES FOR ASTOLAT.

First Main Action.—Re-establishment of relations between Launcelot and Guenevere.

Second Main Action.—Life and death of Elaine.
(*Pathos.*)

Underplot.—Tristram and Iseult.

Leading persons in second main action the moral agents in resolving complication of first main action.

Personages of underplot the physical agents.

Tristram has brought his friend Launcelot to Elaine's to be cured, and visits him there.

Central idea.—The necessity for experience in order to come to one's self.

Insanity of Launcelot at beginning of play.

ASTOLAT.

GUENEVERE. It is God's will.

LAUNCELOT.

Not from our wills it

sprang,

This love of ours that overcame our will,

Then from the will of God—for every effect

Must have a will somewhere behind it.

Oh, Guenevere, in the sad separate days

When silence and absence had bred in my soul the
thought of the possibility that you had ceased to love
me, I have cried out in horrified imagination, "False,
false!" Then, more just, moaned to myself, "All's
not lost yet. I love her still. Who was I that she
ever should have loved me?"

NOTES ON ASTOLAT

The story in this play was to be the reunion of the lovers after the experiment of renunciation of self had failed, also the reunion after the discord of the Elaine episode. As "The Marriage of Guenevere" embodies his thought about the influence of parents over the marriage of their children, and "The Birth of Galahad" shows the deeper experiences of mother and wife in what he calls "The True Family"; as Taliesin deals with art and the Graal with the problem of renunciation and chivalry, so "Astolat" was to show forth the intricacy of personal experience. It was a late addition to the series and was planned for the purpose of touching the psychology of the discords in a love.

The greater the love the better the environment required to keep it in that growth which is its only life. The great difficulty of adjusting love to its environment, however, must not hide the possibility of destruction from within, the danger treated in "Astolat." Until two lovers are perfect humans every love has dangers from within. For love is harmony, and love is at every point dependent upon every point of the lover's love and every quality of the lover's character.

Love is at once the ultimate desire and ultimate gift of the lover. Doubt of the entire gift or the entire desire is the foundation of jealousy, and this does not of necessity need a third person to be the object of envy or hatred. But the third party externalizes the situation and is dramatically valuable, especially in a poem intended for the theater, as was "Astolat."

To a woman like Guenevere, to whom love represented the inevitableness of the nature of things, a real jealousy would have meant destruction of all she had experienced of the harmonies of life, and have brought about, not temper like the jewel scene of Tennyson's Guenevere, for example, but tragic deeds. Destruction doubtless, perhaps of Launcelot, perhaps of the network of relations between them; possibly of the small and helpless Elaine, who would have had to be put out of the possibility of harming a great love like theirs, as one might dismiss any intrusive, unrelated thing from a great presence. Guenevere was too sure of Launcelot's love to envy any tenderness he seemed to give Elaine or any other, but her anger, that, in the face of feelings of such mystic might, there should be any moment of a lesser emotion, any cause for fear of a discord in the harmony, was natural; and such a nature as Launcelot's would in all loyalty have been beautifully tender and sympathetic to the lovelorn Elaine, giving thus more than provocation to any half understanding of his character in Guenevere.

An inherent element of jealousy comes from the wound to personal dignity, a thing it is one of the

chief objects of life to attain. Personal worth represents the sum of living. It is the stewardship of the soul, the measure of the deeds of a life. Proud natures suffer most in jealousy. The poignancy of pain is for loss of self-respect as well as for loss of love. When personal dignity is lessened, resentment is natural.

The greater, or rather the more complex and mystic and miraculous, the nature of a love, the greater is its value. Thus is it worthy of a greater care. But of more importance still is the seldom considered truth that the greater is its need of protection. In another play, "The Lady of the Sonnets," the author had planned to show what happened in a Shakespeare's heart when faith died. "Astolat" was to show what was requisite to obliterate jealousy from the life of a Launcelot and Guenevere.

Up to a certain point the elaboration of a structure, be it man, animal, or the intricately knit up relations of two souls, strengthens the unit. But there is, still beyond, a degree of harmony, which becomes a kind of specialization of function and ministers to life in its highest phases, yet is less self-preservative than forms in the earlier stages of evolution, and thus it is with great loves. The long continuance of a love then is not, as popularly considered, the test of the greatness of the love. The character of a love, the joy it gives, the inspiration it is to either lover, the beautiful births it leads to, in offspring or in the two personalities, measure its worth. These things show its quality. Time can only increase its number of opportunities.

The common use of the word jealousy covers many shades of meaning. Confusion sometimes arises as to the dividing line between envy and jealousy. One is jealous of a thing he considers his own and wishes to keep. One is envious of that which he wishes to have for his own, although he admits it to be another's. One who is envious is a would-be thief, one who is jealous is only selfish. The selfishness may even degenerate into greed. So far as the one he loves is concerned it is pure selfishness unrelieved by those magnanimous, generous and loving attitudes in which he would be willing to let the loved one have the small liberties of kindness and sympathy toward others, or to receive the gift of the love of others. These are the exacting ones about the payment of that which was originally a free gift. It would seem that the sense of ownership should be held loose enough to give personal liberty, and the possibility of continual giving without demand. Jealousy becomes more ignoble in proportion as it contains envy. The ignoble elements in jealousy are suspicion, selfishness, the meagre faith, all implying doubt of the loyalty of the loved one, also doubt of self-worth, the last degradation possible, and the last insult to one who has loved us. A lesser love is proven and a greater insulted by jealousy.

There is but one cure for jealousy—love. Love for the intruder, or such love of the loved one as gives gladness of his delight even at personal loss.

How a wise and generous person's ability to conquer the passion by rousing through great love some

overmastering kindly emotion; how love of the offending rival may drown jealousy; how generosity, pity even, and all the kindly passions furnish the means of conquering jealousy; were sure to have been embodied in "Astolat," where Launcelot's obligation of gratitude and friendship to Elaine were to cause Guenevere's jealousy. The all-conquering love that breeds a faith that has no fear, that submerges even pride and arms against scorn and ridicule, was the type of love exemplified by Launcelot and Guenevere in the culmination of their lives in the "Poem in Dramas." How jealousy may be prevented by clear sight of one's worth in the eye of the beloved object, by consciousness of the gift one gives, of its suitability to the need of the other, by unswerving continued gift, even under circumstances that might cause fear of loss, was part of the theme of "Astolat."

Psychological jealousy demands mental perception of value and enthusiasm or emotional force in enjoying the perception. A character is also capable of guarding jealously a loved thing in proportion to its capacity for appreciation. All human passions admit of evolution into more and more exalted phases, according to the great admixture of qualities in the persons or the complexity of envioning events, and jealousy is not an exception. In considering jealousy as a lower passion, it might be suggested that even love would seem so if only its commonest phases were considered. All the poets have written of love at its loveliest development. But jealousy has been thus far chiefly described in its

simplest and most brutal conditions. One might say that jealousy is as yet unwritten by the poets. The contending reindeer drives off the other male to win his doe. The jealous man of little moral and intellectual growth kills his rival to have a clear path to his love. Othello, grandest of jealous heroes in English poetry, goes a step higher, paying Desdemona the compliment of blaming her, and also the compliment of not being willing to live when she is dead and proven innocent. This is jealousy at its worst, producing all the destruction possible—death to both Othello and Desdemona.

The passions may be considered as destructive or productive. Jealousy, if mainly destructive, is also preservative of that exclusive unity of relation which is doubtless beneficial to the magnetic conditions, in the exclusion of inharmonious magnetisms so important to the sensitive states of motherhood.

The reason then why we require all the attentions of a lover is an instinct resulting from racial experience and through social necessity.

No passion wholly painful, and so largely destructive, could have reached the present development of jealousy as a human attribute had it not some inherent necessity for being.

As with other bad passions, is not jealousy the excessive development of a good one?

This purity of relationship, mystic and magnetic as well as emotional, seems to have lain in the author's mind as an ultimate attainment for which no sacrifice was too great a price to pay;—the empire, the church, friendship, and loyalty to a royal

friend, all being here set over against the preservation of the true family.

Since the marriage of Guenevere made the attainment of this condition more difficult than in the usual family, jealousy adds another element to the tragedy.

Here in the merest sketch of the theme are a few of the many facets Richard Hovey would have reflected the light from in "Astolat."

FATA MORGANA

A MASQUE

AUTHOR'S NOTES FOR FATA MORGANA.

LAUNCELOT (Costume of novice). Plumbing the mystery of his evil (at and after his devotions.)

The other knight monks (Job's comforters).

The Persian guest.

The descent into Hell.

Devils and Sins.

Lucifer.

Angro-Mainyus.

Fuit sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.

Persian. Serve then my master since he is evil.

Launc. Knowing the evil, now I choose the good.

The cell again. The Angel.

Thou hast repented. See that thou repair.

Quest of Merlin.	}	Hindoo
Girlhood of Guenevere.		Unity
Brociliande.		Sin
	}	Thesis.
		Persian
Holy Grail.	}	Duality
Morte d'Arthur.		Effects
The Descent into Hell.	}	Antithesis.
		Hellenic
Arthur in Avalon.	}	Unity in
The New Earth.		Complexity
Voices of the Sea.	}	Resolutions
		Synthesis.

The Sailing of the Serpent (?)

NOTES ON FATA MORGANA

Of "Fata Morgana" he says in the Schema: "It suggests the ethical drift of the series."

The foregoing early study indicates that in "Fata Morgana"—sometimes called "The Masque of Ethics"—he would have embodied his views regarding the Trinity.

The three masques would have involved his philosophy. The Morgana was to have treated ethics somewhat as the masque of Taliesin treats æsthetics.

It is easy to see that from the unity, which means unrelatedness through the duality, which means contention by opposition, to the trinity, which means inter-action, personality is a psychological evolution which he had outlined for this masque. The word Hellenic used here instead of Hegelian, modern, or Christian, probably indicates that he would have used the Trinity in physical beauty as his symbol in the masque.

As Taliesin presented the education, consecration, and function of the artist, so the "Masque of Evil" must have finally embodied the rôle of religion, or the philosophy of religions, in the evolution of evil or discord into good or harmony.

He found himself facing the Hindoo unity, then

the philosophy of duality, which he dramatically represented under the name of Persian in the outline, and the Persian guest in the characterization. Later the trinity brought him to what he had called Hellenic Unity in Complexity, or what he later might have called Christian or Human Unity in Trinity.

"The Masque of Evil," a study of the problem of good and evil, was a natural product from the author of the essay "The Duece, or Goethe's and Marlow's Faust." This essay, read at the School of Philosophy at Farmington when he was twenty-five, was doubtless to this poem what a sketch is to a painting: hardly a cartoon, but the preliminary thought digested somewhat in mind but without the sacramental form which at once discovers and manifests.* But the deeper development of his conception of the rôle of evil in the cosmos, which in those last ten years would have been prepared to be blazened by his genius in "Fata Morgana, The Masque of Ethics," can only be guessed by those who know the trend and deepening of his thoughts in that time.

* This poem, "Angro-mainyus," reprinted from "Along the Trail," suggests his thought on the subject.

ANGRO-MAINYUS

I am the Most High God;

Worship thou me!

Put not up vain prayers to avert my wrath,

For my wrath shall fall like the thunderbolt

And thou shalt be cleft asunder as an oak.

I am Angro-mainyus, the Most High God.

Cry not unto me for mercy, for I am merciless.

Sin and Death are my ministers,

And my ways are ways of torture and the shedding
of blood.

I am the Lord thy God.

I am the Destroyer.

My sword is as fire in the forest;

My feet are inexorable.

Ask me not to deliver thee from evil.

I am Evil.

Ahura-mazda is God too,

The beneficent one, the saviour!
He dwelleth in the Sun,
But I in the terror of tempests.
There are two thrones, but one God.

The waves of the sea war mightily,
But in the deeps there is calm.
Ahura-mazda and I are one God;
There is war between our legions,
But in us peace.
Behold, he knoweth my thoughts and I his,
And there is no discord in us.

He worketh in light
And I in darkness;
His ways and my ways are asunder.
But blaspheme not, calling me "Devil,"
Neither saying, "There are two Gods;"
I am the Most High God,
And I and Ahura-mazda are one.

In the legends the quest of the Holy Graal images to the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic peoples the coming of Christianity to replace the Druidic and Norse mythologies. Hence the necessity of showing both the theology and mysticisms of Christianity as he

was about to do in "Fata Morgana," and as well a contrasting state of belief, represented by "Fata Morgana," as it had been in the Graal by the development of chivalry into Christianity in Galahad. Also we might expect the recurrence of the magic of the wise Merlin to educe the philosophy of those primitive gropings in esoteric realms.

Dame Brisen, Druidic Priestess, like an old oak, left standing alone in a useful field, while all the forest has gone to the ax and the mill, was a fitting link between the Druidic and Christian worship.

The power of faith, of the mind, of magnetism, of prayer, of suggestion, are neither lost in our time nor first discovered by us.

In the early years of the work he had much thought of duality. The introduction of the "Persian" in the masque was evidently for the purpose of giving a voice to that phase of thought and to show the progression of philosophy from metaphysics to that scientific psychology which gives the easier access to truth.

His interest in Hegel perhaps arose from his knowledge of Dr. Harris's Hegelian enthusiasms, also he had a somewhat close association with Dr. Momerie, the great English Hegelian. These together with a deep study of the Trinity, as asserted, though not explained, by the Church and as taught as a part of psychology by Delsarte, who first applied the scientific method to psychic phenomena, turned his thoughts strongly to go on from duality to trinity, as all philosophers must inevitably do in

time. A synthesis, or inter-action of two, reacts, of course, on each, and in all evolution causes the existence of a third.

To his thought the doctrine of the Trinity was not merely a matter of theology, but the basis for such a true analysis of the Trinity which man is found to be, as provides a means of solution for the most troublesome ethical problems. The three natures in man, inseparable but distinguishable, being the basis for impulse of thought, emotion and passion, contain in their laws of action the model for all action of the individual. These are not three things; they are a Trinity. And within each member of this trinity, distinguishable but not separable, save in act—and that only in an overbalancing preponderance of effect—there lies again another trinity, and this to infinity. This is the difference between a triad and a trinity.

The separation of one into two, first an antagonism, is followed by other relations of the two, and out of these the third inevitably arises.

KING ARTHUR
A TRAGEDY

PERSONS.

ARTHUR, <i>King of Britain.</i>	}	<i>Knights of the Round Table.</i>
MORDRED, <i>son of Arthur and Morgause.</i>		
GAWAINE,		
AGRAVAINE,		
GAHERIS,		
GARETH,		
KAYE, <i>Arthur's foster-brother, Lord Senechal.</i>		
BEDEVERE, <i>of Arthur's party.</i>		
LAUNCELOT.		
LIONEL,		
ECTOR,	}	<i>Launcelot's brothers.</i>
BORS, <i>Launcelot's cousin.</i>		
LAVAINÉ, <i>of Launcelot's party.</i>	}	
DAGONET, <i>the Jester.</i>		
WOLFGAR, <i>a Saxon.</i>		
GHOST OF GAWAINE.		
GUENEVERE, <i>Queen of Britain.</i>		
———, <i>her Damsel.</i>		
MORGANA, <i>sister of Arthur, Queen of Gore, a Witch.</i>		
GHOST OF MORGAUSE.		

SCENE: *Camelot, Joyous Gard, and places between.*

TIME: *Autumn.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Near Camelot. A Rocky Gorge in the Mountains. A Castle in the distance. Bugles.*

KING ARTHUR. *Knights and Attendants, in hunting dress, appear on a ledge, looking across the chasm at the ledge opposite, where the deer has leaped and disappeared. Huntsmen, with dogs, scramble down the side of the Gorge and begin to climb the opposite cliff,—with them*
SIR LIONEL.

HUNTSMEN. Hallo! Hallo! Illo-ho-ho! Hallo!

LIONEL. Send round your horses by the upper pass.

Dismount! This way—this way!

[KING ARTHUR and others turn back with the horses, and are afterward heard further up, crossing the Gorge. Others, among them SIR ECTOR, SIR AGRAVAINE, SIR MORDRED, SIR GAWAINE, SIR GAHERIS and SIR GARETH, follow LIONEL. GAWAINE falls in descending the rocks. GAHERIS and GARETH rush to his assistance.]

MORDRED (*aside to AGRAVAINE*). Come back!

[*Exeunt all but GAWAINE, GAHERIS, GARETH,
MORDRED and AGRAVAINE.*]

ECTOR [*without*]. Illo-ho! [*Bugles.*]

GARETH. Are you hurt, brother?

GAHERIS. Pray God, he be not killed!

AGRAVAINE. He is but stunned. [*Gawaine stirs.*]

MORDRED. Are you much hurt, Gawaine?

GAWAINE. I hardly know. Give me your hand
again.

My head is light.—What, all my brothers out
O' the chase for me! This is too brotherly.

MORDRED. That was a perilous fall. Are no bones
broken?

GAWAIN [*walking, moving his arms, etc.*]

I feel no pain, only a numbness that
Is less already. Come, it is not too late
To overtake them yet.

[*Starts quickly, staggers and holds out his hand
to Mordred.*]

Let me sit down.

There's something sprained here.

MORDRED. Rest you here a space;
And when your rebel nerves grow orderly,
We'll help you to a horse.

GAWAINE. It irks me much
That Lionel, not I, shall kill the deer.

GARETH. Ector will press him close.

GEWAINE [*with whimsical chagrin*]. It will be
Lionel;
But, Lionel or Ector, still not I.

MORDRED. Marked you that Launcelot is not with
the hunt?

GAWAINE. What castle is that yonder?

AGRAVAINE. You know it well,—
Castle Carniffel.

GAHERIS. Where the King confines
Our Aunt, Morgana, whom they call the Fay.

GAWAINE. What, have we come so far?

MORDRED. Confines? He might
Confine as well the air.

GARETH. Weird tales are told
Of her enchantments there. Men say, she is seen
I' the clouds, and builds strange palaces of mist
Shot through with sunlight; the which, as you approach,
Melt into hideous shapes of boar and fish,
Beaked horrors, jowled and jag-browed monstrous-
ness;
And at a sudden all will disappear
And the bare world jut forth like a baseless dream.

GAWAINE. Why, since she dwells so near, for all
men's tales,
We'll claim her hospitality.

GARATH. The King
Will take it ill that any of his knights
—Most, we that are his kin—should have to do
With one in his displeasure.

GAWAINE. I meddle not
With their dissension. She is yet our aunt

As well as the King's sister. She will hardly
Bar us the door. Come, rest we there to-night.

[They wind the morte without.]

MORDRED. The deer is slain. This was a goodly
chase.

The day is nearly over. Launcelot
Has lacked good sport. I marvel he came not.

AGRAVAINE. I marvel not; nor do you neither,
brother,

If you would speak your heart. And as for sport,
Our hunting is the manlier, and yet
I think he would not say he had lacked sport.

GAWAINE. Do I mistake or does the west begin
To show a faint flush o'er the mountain tops?

AGRAVAINE. I wonder that we are not all ashamed
To see how Launcelot dallies by the Queen
Daily and nightly, and we all know it so.
By God, it is disloyal of us all
That we should suffer such a noble king
To be so shamed!

GAWAINE. Pray you, no more of this.
I am not of your counsel, you know well.

GARETH. So help me God, I will not go with you.

GAHERIS. Nor I.

MORDRED. Then I will.

GAWAINE. I believe that well;
For never yet was brood of mischief got,
Thou didst not run to dandle it. Would ye both
Would be less busy, for too well I know
What will befall of it.

AGRAVAINE. Fall what fall may,
I will unfold it to the King.

GAWAINE. Nay, hear me;
And do not in your folly pull your vengeance
Down on yourselves and all of us. Imperil not
The empire. Know you not, if war arise
'Twixt Launcelot and our house, how many lords,
Great princes and the knightliest of our order,
Will hold with Launcelot? Brother, Sir Agravaine,
You cannot have forgot how many times

He hath delivered Arthur and the Queen.
Ay, and the best of us full oft had been
Cold at the heart-root, had not Launcelot
Been by to prove a better knight than we.
Ungrateful as ye are, do ye forget
How when ye both and threescore others lay
Chained in that cruel dungeon of Penmore—
Who was it then but Launcelot whose might
Saved you from death in torments? Brother, me-
thinks
It claims a memory.

AGRAVAINE.

Do as ye list;

I will not hide it longer.

[*Bugles.*]

[*Enter KING ARTHUR, Knights and Huntsmen,
with the deer.*]

SONG.

Oh, who would stay indoor, indoor,

When the horn is on the hill?

[*Bugle: Tarantara.*]

With the crisp air stinging, and the huntsmen sing-
ing,

And a ten-tined buck to kill!

Before the sun goes down, goes down,

We shall slay the buck of ten;

[*Bugle: Tarantara.*]

And the priest shall say benison, and we shall ha'e
venison,

When we come home again.

Let him that loves his ease, his ease,

Keep close and house him fair;

[*Bugle: Tarantara.*]

He'll still be a stranger to the merry thrill of danger
And the joy of the open air.

But he that loves the hills, the hills,

Let him come out to-day.

[*Bugle: Tarantara.*]

For the horses are neighing, and the hounds are
baying,

And the hunt's up and away.

[*Exeunt Huntsmen with deer, the Knights following dispersedly. The King observes GAWAINE and his brothers, who converse apart.*]

GAWAINE.

Be silent, brother.

AGRAVAINE. I will not.

MORDRED. Nor will I.

GAWAINE. Then go your gait!

I will not hear your scandals nor abet you.

GAHERIS. Nor I.

GARETH. Nor I, for I will ne'er speak evil
Of Launcelot. Alas, now is the fate
Fallen on the Kingdom.

GAWAINE. And the fellowship
Of the Round Table shall be clean dispersed.

[*Exeunt GAWAINE, GAHERIS and GARETH.*]

ARTHUR. What quarrel is this, nephews?

AGRAVAINE. Sir, we conceived,
Mordred and I, that duty is to speak,
Not easy pleasant words men love us for,
But bitter truth and hard to him that hears
And perilous to the speaker.

ARTHUR. Assuredly:
He that deceives me of the enemy's force
To save me from to-day's discouragement,
Jeopardy my cause to-morrow.

AGRAVAIN. Sir, our three brothers
Held otherwise and, as you saw, for this
Fell out with us and left us.

Sir, our three brothers

Held otherwise and, as you saw, for this
Fell out with us and left us.

ARTHUR. For naught else?
Why, 'tis but thought. Think wrongly as you will,
You harm no one in that. But men will seek
Occasion for dispute in pimpernels
Ere they will lack a quarrel.

For naught else?

Why, 'tis but thought. Think wrongly as you will,
You harm no one in that. But men will seek
Occasion for dispute in pimpernels
Ere they will lack a quarrel.

MORDRED. Put it that
A man had in his treasury much gold
And thought no more on't, having at his belt
The key that kept all safely; yet there was
An ingress to his hoard he knew not of,
And secretly by night another came
Thereby and spoiled him. He, good soul, secure
In bolts and bars, rich only in conceit,
Went, carrying his key to empty space,
And dreamt no evil. Were it well or no
To break in roughly on his easy smiling
With "Sir, you are robbed! Too late to save your
gold,
But time, small comfort, yet to catch the thief"?

Put it that

A man had in his treasury much gold
And thought no more on't, having at his belt
The key that kept all safely; yet there was
An ingress to his hoard he knew not of,
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And dreamt no evil. Were it well or no
To break in roughly on his easy smiling
With "Sir, you are robbed! Too late to save your
gold,
But time, small comfort, yet to catch the thief"?

ARTHUR. Why, who would be the fool of dreams?

Surely

The waking world whose shows betray us not
Is better than a sleep where we may walk
O'er any brink to death.

MORDRED. [*Kneeling.*] Sire, your own words
For pardon if our speech offend! Yourself
Are he that keeps the key of the rifled room,
Your Queen the gold, and he that pilfers her
—Alas, to say 't!—your bravest knight, your friend,
Launcelot.

ARTHUR. Sirs, ye are bold to brave me thus.
Reck ye the danger?

AGRAVAINE. We speak that we do know.
Our lives be forfeit if it prove not true.

MORDRED. Upon your hint I spoke. Lay not to us
Aught other end but honor. Are we not
Your sister's sons?—what more, but let that pass.—

AGRAVAINE. This concerns us and all our house
as well

As you, King Arthur. If you do us wrong,
Will men think you do shame to your own blood,
Unless for some strange secret?

ARTHUR. Will you dare?
Before me?—Have my kindred been so leal
That I should make them keepers of my honor?

MORDRED. The bond of blood abides. I do but
dread
Lest others should say this; and say besides
Your love for Launcelot had made you rather
Be ignorant, so you might deem him true,
Than seek the truth that haply might reveal
Him traitor—doubly traitor that your love,
Yours whom he wrongs, so shield him. God be wit-
ness

I speak not only for my honor's sake,
Being of your blood, but for the love I bear you.

ARTHUR. Son, son, if I could trust you! What
you work
That I hold evil, may seem good to you;
At least I will believe so. But to be

Assured you love me, to have evidence
Your crooked seeming cloaks nobility,
That would so rest my heart I could endure
What else ill chance shall bring, and think it light.

MORDRED. God pardon me my life and all amiss
I have done in it; and you too, my lord,
Pardon me. But in this I do no evil.
My heart swells like a troubled sea to think
That you should be so wronged.

ARTHUR. I have such will
That you should be as fair as you would seem,
I make my hope half credence. For this tale
Of Launcelot and my Queen, I long have known
There were such slanders in the court, and paid
Small heed to them. Ye know not Launcelot.
Were the devotion that he shows the Queen
Tenfold what it hath been—nay, if he loved her
As you would have it that he does, he would
Not trespass on my right. I might to-day
Depart my kingdom and leave Guenevere
With him till my return, and be as safe
As had I left her in a nunnery.

The courier to the Queen, recall the knights
And bid them join you yonder.

ARTHUR. Is not that
The castle of Morgana?

MORDRED. It is yours, Sire;
You are the King.

ARTHUR. Be it so.
Come, Agravaine. And thou, Sir Mordred, pray
That you may live to see the end of this.

[*Exeunt ARTHUR and AGRAVAINE. The sunset has faded away into one dull red line. The scene darkens. A lone bugle sounds far down the pass.*]

MORDRED. Well played and won!—Now to recall the knights.

[Sounds his bugle and waits, listening. Two ravens, startled, flap their wings and fly about, croaking, in the tree-tops. A bugle without answers. MORDRED blows a second time and looks up, as the ravens stir again above.]

MORDRED. Ay, we have lost him. Agravaine must
needs,

Like a blunt fool, blurt out what I had else
With craft suggested. Our over-nice Gawaine,
I fear, is frightened to the other side.
But Arthur has been won.

[Bugles, off, calling and answering.]

Hear you the horns?

They sound the prelude of our mastery.
I, seeing the wind in the sails, jumped to the helm
And guided all through safely. Ere the King
Could hear of aught from others, I so wrought
He yielded to our plan.

MORGANA.

When is it to be?

*[The wind rises in the trees. Noises of the night.
An occasional bugle far off. Lights appear
at the castle.]*

MORDRED. To-night. The King sleeps at your
castle. I,
With Agravaine and twelve beside, return
To Camelot, where we do think to take
The Queen and Launcelot.

MORGANA. I would it had
Been later. Yet the auguries are well.
My prescience bodes some mishap on the way;
But you shall win. Last night, being in a trance,

[*An owl hoots.*]

I saw your mother's spirit. And she cried
Out with a loud voice, "Mordred! Mordred! Mor-
dred!

Through him his father's ancient wrong to me
Shall be avenged."

MORDRED. Ay, but the crown, the crown!

MORGANA. "Let him fear not," she cried. "He
shall be crowned.

The King shall have no child by Guevenere;
But shall renounce her, and acknowledge Mordred,
Though bastard, for his heir."

MORDRED. It shall go hard
But I will make the prophecy come true.
Come to the castle!

[*Exeunt. Noises of the night. The scene closes.*]

SCENE II.—*Camelot. The Queen's Apartments: A room with heavy paneling of oak and great oaken rafters. The walls are hung with tapestries. At the left a window, showing the heavy masonry of which the building is constructed. At the right a door with hangings, leading into other rooms of the suite. At the center, a heavy barred door, that opens into the general corridors. In the alcove, couch nearly concealed with hangings. Low seats covered with skins, etc.*

LAUNCELOT and GUENEVERE.

GUENEVERE. And still you do not speak.
Think you of him?—the King? Must I believe
You love him more than me?

LAUNCELOT. Oh, Guenevere!—
Your bond to him is formal, mine as real
As—God in heaven! as real as mine to you.

GUENEVERE.

NOTES ON KING ARTHUR.

As to the choice of the heir, there is no authoritative note, but I have a vague memory that Borre, the child of Lionors, who had been educated by the good and wise Taliesin, was to be named heir. Borre appears as a charming child in the first play, the "Marriage of Guenevere," and without appearing, he became a strong dramatic figure in the lost manuscript, where his mother, the lady Lionors, is being wrought upon by Morgause in the depth of her wicked revel on the occasion of the temptation of Lamoracke. Here most dramatic words pass between the mother and Morgause, the insolent temptress of the youth. Borre's name is first introduced by Morgause when, before the marriage, she eases her hatred of Arthur by hinting to Guenevere that he is not all she might have pictured in her ideal, referring to the lady Lionors and her child, and linking her name by innuendo with that of Arthur.

The play of King Arthur was to contain a final conflict in the mind of the honor-tortured Launcelot, between his love and his friendship. He had lost no time in rescuing Guenevere after Arthur had executed the law of the land by condemning her to be burnt—that being the punishment for high treason

in queens. For more than twenty years Arthur had refused to listen to rumors or in any way doubt Guenevere, but once proven in guilt by Mordred and his associates, Arthur, who stood for public justice, condemned her. After the rescue, Launcelot, who puts personal loyalty before the law, felt that Guenevere was now his. He took her to Joyous Gard, which was the court of his father's kingdom before the kings gave up their thrones to join Arthur's Round Table.

Arthur besieged Joyous Gard to recapture Guenevere. Launcelot unhesitatingly defended the place against Arthur. When, however, he knew that Mordred had seized the throne and that Arthur must turn back to defend himself again Mordred, he went forth to Arthur's assistance, but not without a great conflict between his desire to loyally see justice done to Arthur against Mordred, and his anger, probably the greatest anger of his knightly life, against the man who had condemned Guenevere to torturing death by fire.

To Launcelot right was above the law. To Arthur the law was above any view of right or wrong. To Dubric, the priest, we remember, the Church was above either. And these three classes continue to this day, the Arthurs, the Launcelots, the Dubrics. A great jurist has said: "He who taketh the law of the land for his sole guide is neither a good neighbor nor an honest man." In this discussion Guenevere joins. Guenevere could see Launcelot defend her but not revenge her. She urges him to do the generous deed. Bors also belongs to this scene;

the noble, frank cousin who from the first and always stood his ideals and Launcelot side by side.

To Launcelot there was but one crime to be done in the name of love, and that was love itself. Love must inspire to all good deeds, to sacrifice, to generosity, to forgiveness. So he goes to Arthur's rescue.

The plot of King Arthur is indicated in the scenario. The first scene is written. Of the second scene, being the love scene upon which Mordred breaks, we have but a few lines. It was planned to show the development and beauty of love after the passage of all those years, after the experiences of absence, sorrow, remorse, the attempt at renunciation, after the wounding and healing of the discord of jealousy. We do not know how the author would in this scene have shown a greater love than that pictured in the temptation of Launcelot in "The Birth of Galahad," but we know that was what he was to do. From this time on Launcelot's love would be expressed by deeds, the rescue and so forth, and Guenevere's by her defense of herself in court and her general nobility of attitude in all matters, showing that her love being good had made her good—more, noble. A noble love develops itself and its lovers, ever to higher possibilities; or, if it be destroyed, to ever higher loves. This theory of the ever-growing beauty of love was a central theme in the "Poem in Dramas."

The trial scene would have been Guenevere's greatest scene in the series. Here her greatness and goodness must all have been shown to stand in contrast with the power of the law over her. It was long discussed whether the rescue should be from the

court scene, to avoid falling into physical drama if it took place at the fire scene. But the court scene had to stop at a moral climax, the characters being Arthur, Guenevere, and the Law.

The death of Arthur in personal conflict with Mordred, each at the end of the battle killing the other, and Launcelot's too late arrival occupies the foreground when Guenevere, in the falling darkness enters with the monks, who, carrying torches, go about to shrive the dying and bury the dead.

So the tragedy remains. Arthur is dead, and sorrow has fallen upon all the land. Only in Avalon "the place of peace," can we look for those resolutions of discord which the spirit of man still awaits.

DIGEST OF KING ARTHUR MADE UP FROM
THE FRAGMENTS AND STRAY NOTES
LEFT BY MR. HOVEY.

NEAR CAMELOT—SUNSET.

Rocky gorge. Mountains. The Hunt. Mordred and Gawaine. Morgana and Mordred. Witchcraft. (*Scene written.*)

CAMELOT—NIGHT.

Interior of tower. Launcelot and Guenevere. Love scene. The interruption. Escape of Launcelot. Mordred's love for Guenevere. Entrance of conspirators. Return and capture of Guenevere.

CAMELOT—NEXT DAY.

Great hall. Trial scene. The stake. The rescue.

CAMELOT—THE GREAT HALL.

Mordred and Morgana. The council. The war against Launcelot. The naming of the heir. "No son? I am your son." Mordred's resentment. Mordred determines revenge. The Saxon.

GARD—NEXT DAY.

The battlements. Launcelot and Guenevere. Their justification. The approach of Arthur's army.

CAMELOT—NIGHT.

A room. Carouse of Kaye and Dagonet. Treachery of Mordred, who remains with Kaye and betrays him to the Saxon. Mordred is proclaimed King. Capture of Kaye. Escape of Dagonet.

JOYOUS GARD—NEXT DAY.

Arthur's tent. Gawaine's death. Dagonet. Arthur learns from Dagonet of Mordred's revolt and raises siege.

MORDRED'S CAMP—NIGHT.

Witchcraft.

JOYOUS GARD—DAWN.

The battlements. The ghost of Gawaine. Launcelot to the rescue. Launcelot furious at Arthur's treatment of Guenevere. Guenevere persuades him to go. Bors.

THE BATTLEFIELD—NIGHTFALL.

The last battle, etc. Death of Mordred and Arthur. When Launcelot arrives, Mordred is dead and Arthur dying. Entrance of Guenevere. "The three queens."

AVALON

A HARMONODY

ARTHUR. I have laid in a long mistake.

But now at last and suddenly I see.

ARGENT. [States the great law of suddenness in appearance. Reconciliation of Plutonic and Neptunian theories (vide Hartmann's Unconscious). Slow preparation in the unconscious. Conscious sudden at end of process.]

LAUNCELOT. The atmosphere of souls, the ether
In which they swim like stars, is God himself.
In Him they live and move and have their being.
The power that holds each spirit in its place
And melts the heaven of souls in harmony
Is love that draws each spirit to its neighbor;
And as the various spaces of the stars,
So soul from soul is variously severed.
I love my fellows as earth loves the stars
That move far off in their own silent courses,
Shedding on us a mild beneficence;

Others I love as earth loves Uranus,
Mars, Venus, Mercury, Saturn and the sun,
For these are nearer to me and their courses
Inextricably intertwined with mine.
But thee, my sweet, my greatest heart of women,
Thee do I love as the earth loves the moon.

.

And yet the earth hath something of its own
It never told the moon, and the moon hides
A silent secret in its charmed heart
The earth can never know.

GUENEVERE. And Galahad, thy son, who died a
maid?

Shall he be ever lonely?

LAUNCELOT.

For him too

Some mystic lady waits in Avalon,
That dim mysterious mother-land of forms.

LAUNCELOT. Arthur in Avalon has found his bride,
And there is peace between his soul and mine.

LAUNCELOT. It doth not now repent me of my sins ;
They oft were my salvation. But for them
I might have lain forever in my dream
In the child-hearted valleys. They, like wolves,
Roused me from my as yet unearned repose
And drove me toiling up this arduous hill
Where from the summit now mine eyes look out
At peace upon a peaceful universe.
Nay, sweet, our sins are but God's thunder-clouds,
That hide the glorious sun a little while ;
And afterwards the fields bring forth their fruit.

.

NOTE—*This page contains the speech first written of all the Launcelot and Guenevere series, and is dated, Normal, Illinois, January, 1889, and was intended to be the last speech in Avalon.*

NOTES ON AVALON.

Trying to fancy how he thought of "Avalon" let us find a little the grace of his soul by reminding ourselves of the speech of Uriel to Percival in "Taliesin,"—Percival, the good knight, the practical man, when in contrast with Taliesin, the man of prayer, vision, and song.

URIEL. Percival. . . . Percival! . . . Approach no nearer thy desire, thou of the Choice. The time is not yet. Still the air thy spirit breathes too thickened is with noise
Of earth-blown rumors for the thin pulsations of the interstellar voice
To stir its sluggard atoms to the unbroken theme the deeps hear and rejoice.
Thy heart is yet too full of anger, and the hate of evil clots thy soul;
Too far from hell to hate it must he be whom God shall breathe on as a coal

Until the pure light of perfection burns about him
like an aureole.

Pray to the tranquil night to let the calm of stars
beneath the silent pole

Fall like a mighty hand upon thy spirit, even like the
hand of Death.

And in that hour when thou art clothed upon with
the tranquillity of Death,

When Love has cast out even the hate of hate,—Love
whom the gods name Death,—

Come, and the gates shall open; come, and thou shalt
enter in the holy place,

See the mask melt into the features of the Living
Soul it covers, face

The Eyes that all love looks through, feel intense
about thee like a burning breath

The swift invasion of his heart-beats, the reverbera-
tion of his grace. . . .

With such moral height in the masque of æsthetics
what would not have been the mystic whiteness of
the peaks of song whence he would have had us
worship in his masque of ethics.

His nature was most deeply religious. He forgot
dogmas in insights, and life in the pure visions born
of the impulses of a high and illumined heart.

So "Avalon" would not have been merely religious in the conventional sense, but might have soared to those mystic heights where love alone is motive, and act, and reward.

As was well said by one of his earliest reviewers:

"While the development of the succeeding dramas is dimly outlined and darkly foreshadowed in the enigmatic replies of the awe-inspiring Norns to Merlin's questionings, there is still a deeper intent, revealing in part the poet's philosophy of being; indicating, by means of ideal characters, who, in turn, personify the classical, medieval, and Christian myths, the growth of the religious instinct in man, through varied phases of terror or of beauty, to culminate, at last, in the Christian ideal."

Let it, however, be remembered that "Merlin" was but a partial view of the subject which was to have been supplemented by "Taliesin" and "Morgana"; and finally to reach some state of solution of the whole tangle in a complexity of interaction without tangle, which in the case of the masque "Avalon," he named Harmonody.

The scene of the "Quest of Merlin" being chiefly laid in Avalon, where Merlin and allegorical folk of all degree, from the dryads to the angels, are assembled, indicates that his Avalon is the place of eternity, the place of the beginning and the end. Merlin deals with very primitive seekings for this land and the experience of its infinities. Prophecy is an easy thing in a place where past, present and future are visible; and what matter if they are called

Urd, Verdandi, Skuld! Merlin's questioning was a very simple one; whether two mortals should marry. But the Avalon of the masque of that name, although the same, was to be another Avalon. Even as those equal infinities, past and future, which seem so different relatively to us, are one and relatively to themselves the same.

For the Harmonody "Avalon," which was to end the "Poem in Dramas," we have in the notes but few characters named: Arthur, Guenevere, Launcelot and Galahad. But the evolution of mythologies running through the masques makes it seem likely that all the people of his earth-world and his unreal world as well should have assembled, each making some essential part of the completed harmony.

An evolution of societies, governments, religions, an evolution of material conditions, mental conditions, spiritual conditions, was the great groundwork of the "Poem in Dramas." That work itself was suggested as evolving from simple to complex, from discord to harmony. The masque of Merlin begins with the Norns and ends with the angels and final star prophesies. Taliesin again begins with the magic of the wood, of physical nature and our own nature, and ends with Taliesin's human song going on even terms with the angelic choirs. As Carman said: "Richard never for a moment doubted the ultimate benignity of nature."

Whether this progression from primitive chaos to the holiest flights of human inspiration was to be repeated in "Morgana," we do not find indicated in the

notebooks; but there is no doubt that in its own variation this was what it was to be, and that a like progression was to pass through the masques themselves, each rising to a different height, so that in the end the last, "Avalon," should be supreme.

A harmony is greater as its components are the more unlike, if they still are in each part helpful to every part. Even so the study in ethics, called a "Masque of Evil," was needed, so that the basic contrast should produce a greater harmony as the discords were resolved in "Avalon."

Somewhere in eternity, not regarding place, all stages of the human race must coexist, regardless of their place in time, and their relation or absence of relation or their experiences. This condition he uses as a place, and calls Avalon.

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